

The Smiths

"Stretch Out And Wait"

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On the high-rise estate
What's at the back of your mind?
On a three-day debate, on the high-rise estate
What's at the back of your mind?

Two icy cold hands conducting the way
It's the Eskimo blood in my veins
Amid concrete and clay and general decay
Nature must still find a way

So ignore all the codes of the day
Let your juvenile impulses sway
This way and that way and this way and that way
God, how sex implores you to let yourself, lose yourself

Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Let your puny body lie down, lie down
As we lie, you say
As we lie, you say

Stretch out and
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Let your puny body lie down, lie down
As we lie, you say

Will the world end in the night time?
I really don't know
Or will the world end in the day time?
I really don't know

And is there any point ever having children?
Oh, I don't know
What I do know is we're here and it's now

So, stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait

There is no debate, no debate, no debate
How can you consciously contemplate?
When there's no debate, no debate

Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Stretch out and wait
Wait, wait, wait, wait

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